

3-6-1919

## State Normal School Journal, March 06, 1919

State Normal School (Cheney, Wash.). Associated Students.

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### Recommended Citation

State Normal School (Cheney, Wash.). Associated Students., "State Normal School Journal, March 06, 1919" (1919). *Student Newspapers*. 90.  
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# State Normal School Journal

VOLUME III.

CHENEY, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1919

NUMBER 18

## TEACHERS! ATTENTION! OPPORTUNITIES IN HAWAII

Mr. Showalter recently received a letter from Mr. Henry W. Kinney, superintendent of public instruction in the Territory of Hawaii. Mr. Kinney will probably visit Cheney Normal to interest teachers and prospective teachers in the islands. From our observations, the interest is already keen, and Mr. Kinney's visit will be a splendid opportunity for us to secure first-hand, reliable information. Following is a copy of the letter:

January 23, 1919. Mr. Showalter, President State Normal school Cheney Washington. Dear Sir—Owing to the fact that it seems likely there will be a scarcity of teachers this year, the department of public instruction of the Territory of Hawaii has decided to make particular efforts to secure, as early as possible, teachers for the school year beginning September 1, 1919.

For this reason, I, or some other representative, will arrive in California on or about April 15, for the purpose of securing teachers for the coming school year. It is my intention to visit your institution, probably accompanied by Mr. Danky of the promotion committee, with illustrative material from the islands; that is, if you will allow me to address your classes and present such material to your prospective graduating class.

I shall be interested, also, in meeting graduates of your institution, who may now be employed elsewhere or who may wish to come to the islands, and, with this in view, I shall endeavor to let you know at some advance date when I shall expect to be at your school.

As you know, the salary at present paid to a teacher the first year after leaving the normal school is \$792, but I confidently expect that the legislature, which goes into session on February 19, will raise this to at least \$900 a year for the first year, with corresponding advances for experienced teachers.

If you think well of this plan, kindly let me know. I shall also be glad to receive any suggestions which you may make in connection therewith.

The department hopes to secure about 100 teachers from the mainland, and I would much prefer to secure them mostly from the Normal schools if this is possible. If it is possible for you to let your graduating class, as well as others whom you think likely material, know what the plans of this department are, I shall be indebted to you.

I am particularly interested in knowing if you can form any kind of estimate as to the number of teachers which your institution is likely to supply. I do, of course, not wish to make the trip to your school in case you advise me that it is likely to be wasted effort.

Hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience, I am

Yours very respectfully,

HENRY W. KINNEY.

Superintendent, Public Instruction.

Advices from the Tonga Islands, one of the most remote of the South Seas groups, reached here recently telling of the death of 400 natives from influenza. One of the first victims of the epidemic was the aged Queen Takibo, who had passed her 70th birthday anniversary.

Natives who were unaffected by the disease allowed the sick to die unaided because they were afraid to approach the sufferers.

## The Pilgrim Way

But once I pass this way,  
And then—no more.  
But once—and then the Silent Door  
Swings on it's hinges—  
Opens \* \* \* \* closes—  
And no more,  
I pass this way,  
So while I may,  
With all my might,  
I will essay  
Sweet comfort and delight  
To all I meet upon the Pilgrim Way.  
For no man travels twice  
The Great Highway  
That climbs through Darkness up to  
Light—  
Through Night  
To Day.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

## MR. MERRIMAN SURPRISED BY SOCIOLOGY CLASS

A clever surprise was given Mr. Curtis Merriman at his home last Friday evening. He returned from the basketball game to an apparently quiet house and was preparing for a quiet evening, when—

"He heard in the study above him  
A patter of little (?) feet,  
A sound of a door that was opened,  
And voices low and sweet (?);  
A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall—"  
and Mr. Merriman found himself laughingly surrounded by his last quarter's sociology class. The occasion was Mr. Merriman's birthday. A merry evening was spent with games and refreshments.

The class say the surprise was an appreciation of one of Mr. Merriman's kindnesses. For the benefit of those who insinuate a less ethical reason, let us suggest that the grades are already in the office.

## BENEFIT CONCERT FOR STUDENT'S LOAN FUND

On Friday evening at 8 p. m. there will be given an entertainment for the Student's Loan Fund Benefit at which Mrs. Pearl Hutton-Scharder, soprano; Miss Ann Moore, classic dancer; Mrs. Elizameth Kennedy, pianist; Miss Charlotte Moore, accompanist.

It is to be hoped that a full house will greet those on the program, as they are kindly donating their services for the benefit. And owing to the generosity of Mr. Charles A. Allen, the Seattle philanthropist, every dollar's worth of tickets sold will net the fund two dollars as he is giving one dollar for every dollar the Normal raises for its Students' Loan Fund.

Therefore it behooves every student, every faculty member every alumnus and every friend of the Normal to be in the Auditorium at 8 p. m., Friday evening of this week.

As recently as 40 years ago the Japanese soldiers wore grotesque masks in order to terrify the enemy.

## CHENEY WINS OVER SPOKANE COLLEGE

### FIRST GAME OF THE SEASON PROVES TO BE ONE-SIDED

Last Friday evening Cheney enjoyed the first outside basketball game of the season, played on her own floor. The Spokane college quintet engaged the Normal boys in a rather one-sided conflict for 40 minutes while the student body, townspeople and faculty cheered and yelled in the bleachers. From the very outset the game was in favor of the home team. Cheney got the ball in the start and kept it thruout the entire game, allowing her opponent only a few shots at the basket. Spokane showed a few spurts of speed and pass work, but the local boys ran circles around her and dropped basket after basket. Cheney's pass work was not up to usual form, however, and a good many fumbles resulted. Recovery was good and these fumbles rarely resulted in goals for the opposite side due to the excellent blocking work of Nelson and West at guard.

Fouls were very much in evidence thruout the game, six being called on Cheney, five of which were personal; and nine on Spokane, seven of which were personal. Good spirit was prominent on both sides, Spokane taking their medicine without a murmur and playing the game fairly and squarely in true sporting style. Of all the fouls that were shot, only two rang true, one for Spokane and one for Cheney. All the rest of the shots were made from the field. The score at the close of the first half was 22 to 2 in favor of Cheney. L. M. Elder, baseball coach at Lewis and Clark, refereed the game. The final score was 45 to 9. The lineup was as follows:

Cheney	Spokane
H. Wynstra Center	Hansen
West, Wallace Guard	Bjorneby
Nelson, Buchanan Guard	Erickson
W. Wynstra Forward	Horn
VanderMeer Forward	Wickman
Field Goals, Wynstra, 11; H. Wynstra, 6; VanderMeer, 3; Nelson, 1; Horn, 2; Wickman, 1; Bjorneby, 1.	
Fouls, H. Wynstra, 1; Horn, .	

Dresden is no place for rioting. Just think of all that china there!

## THE HOBBY CLUB INITIATION

On the evening before the fatal morning of the Hobby club initiation, a tiny envelope, containing a summons to judgment, was slipped under the door of each victim's home. The warnings bore the sign of death, and called the receiver forth to judgment at the hour of 6 a. m. the following morning at the Y. W. C. A. room.

The victims sought to lose their cares in slumber, but alas another fate awaited them! Near midnight a mournful voiced ghost awakened them with this chant:

"Sleep thou in peace this night!

For in another night

The Hobby club will have you in its clutches!

Sleep thou in peace. Sleep thou in peace "

All thought of peaceful slumber vanished and visions of Hobby club ghosts haunted their troubled dreams until morning.

The cold, wintry moon still shone pale in the heavens as the charter members silently stole to the appointed meeting place to complete their preparations. Soon the trembling victims cautiously assembled in an outer chamber to await their fate.

Then the Ghost of Death entered, calling forth the names of the new members, and led them into the darkened chamber of judgment. As the gates swung open, weird music filled their ears, and ghosts greeted them with mournful shrieks and wailing. As the victims cast aside the robes which they were to don after judgment, and were led again into the outer chamber, the ghosts continued their howling and danced wildly about them.

One by one, the Ghost of Death led them once more before the judgment bar, where the sentences were pronounced. As each one went forth to accomplish her task, she was anointed with the sacred ointment of the club.

Finally when all had completed their awful tasks, the new members assembled to don their robes and to partake of the sacred portion of the Hobby club. After this trying ordeal, breakfast was served and each one was asked to relate her experience.

Each member wore a red ribbon about her throat during the remainder of the day, and a serpentine march was led thru the auditorium at assembly time.

Those invited were: Julia Anno, Nellie Artman, Sarah Buchanan, Florence Bassett, Frances Greer, Lulu Harmon, Marion Lindelle, Margaret Mayer, Verne Mickles, June Squires, and Lida Stone. The charter members present were: Madonna Cummins, Florence Betty, Meta Enewoldson, Esther Gingrich, Madeline Hallett, Eva Neeley, Gladys Price, Frances Simas, Aza Sutherland, Helen Tonge, and Gladys Winn.

### Piano Player's Hint.

The pianist, and especially the one who plays in public, will hail with delight the novel invention of a man to turn the pages of music without interrupting the playing.

It consists of a base, a back board and springs so arranged that they work mechanically at a mere touch and by advancing toward each other turn the page of the music and then spring back ready to await the touch that will release them a second time and turn the next page. There is no fumbling, no danger of turning two pages for one, and no chance for the music to slip to the floor, and what is more, the invention can, so it is said, be used on any piano.



# State Normal School Journal

CHENEY WASHINGTON

Published every Thursday at the State Normal School, Cheney, Washington

Subscription Price \$1.00 per Year

Entered as second-class matter Nov. 8th, 1916, at the postoffice at Cheney, Washington, under the Act of March 3rd, 1879.

Address Communications to Editor

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THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1919

## POVERTY

Poverty is always pathetic! I passed the house of a certain poor man  
And looking thru the window I saw  
Persian rugs, crystal chandeliers, a mahogany talking machine,  
Cut-glass bon-bon dishes, pearl inlaid tables, porcelains, bric-a-brac,  
Platinum ash trays, silver toothpick vase, Morocco-bound telephone directory,  
Gold-plated peanut sheller, electric Pomeranian dog-washer,  
And not a single book.  
Is there a charitable organization  
To help this poor pauper?

—Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

A "charitable organization" or a charitably inclined individual is surely what he needs, but there are isolated instances where "fools" rich in where angels fear to tread," and the result is not always that anticipated or desired. Yet, with fear and trembling, we once had the temerity to suggest to an acquaintance who was furnishing a new home very prettily, no purchase of books being contemplated, that a sectional book-case would be a fine addition to her home. The suggestion was followed, and we had the pleasure of giving her the nucleus of what is now a goodly collection of books. Whether she has learned their real value, or whether her mind is as poverty-stricken as ever, the real home touch is supplied by these rows of books.

Books! They are the open sesame to such a large part of the real pleasures and entertainments of life that we cannot afford to neglect them, and there is no reason, in these days of public libraries, why all of us may not at least have access to books and read to our heart's desire, provided, of course, we have the desire.

To be sure, "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested"; but with the cultivated taste comes the judgement to discriminate in our selections.

In whatever else our public schools may fall short, they deserve the lasting gratitude of mankind, in that they require and direct a certain amount of reading on the part of the pupil, often cultivating a taste for real literature—a taste that might have lain dormant forever for the lack of someone to point out the joy

and profit to be found in the best books.

We know a small lad once said: "I feel sorry for the boy who doesn't like books." He is to be pitied, whether a small boy or a boy grown up, if he is missing the opportunity to become acquainted with many of the brightest, wisest and most delightful people in the world, thru the medium of books.

Langford has said, "No matter what his rank or position may be, the lover of books is the richest and the happiest of the children of men." Don't be poverty-stricken.

"As friends and companions, as teachers and consolers, as recreators and amusers, books are always with us and always ready to respond to our wants. We can take them with us in our wanderings, or gather them around us at our firesides. In the lonely wilderness and the crowded city, their spirit will be with us, giving a meaning to the seemingly confused movements of humanity, and peopling the desert with their own bright creations."

We wish to state that the editorial "New Origin of Flu," contained a geographical error. This theory was not printed as the "last word" on the subject in hand, but simply as the opinion of one individual who evidently is not as well versed in the fundamentals of geography as he should be.

To Professor Cooper belongs the credit of pointing out the error, and while the oversight on our part might indicate that our early education had been neglected, still we have risen a point in our own estimation since we have discovered that once in a while one of the faculty reads our feeble attempts at an editorial.

We are always glad to hear from any of the faculty. Professor Cooper now has the floor—Editor.

The attention of the readers of the Journal is directed to the article which appeared in the February 19 issue of the Journal, concerning a new theory of the origin of influenza.

The geography department wishes to call attention to a geographic fallacy in the theory.

The fallacy concerns the circulation of the atmosphere, and the possibility of germs traveling westward, contrary to the direction of the westerly winds. Many years ago it was believed that winds were caused by the atmosphere being unable to keep up with the rotation of the earth, and hence the lagging behind caused the atmospheric circulation. It has been demonstrated that this is not true, but instead that the atmosphere is as much a part of the earth as is the hydrosphere, and that it sticks to the earth and travels with it. All winds are the result of unequal heating which brings about unequal pressures.

The man who dreamed this theory failed to understand the planetary wind system, for in the latitude which he mentions, the germs would necessarily have to travel in a westerly direction, and thus would have to approach us from Japan and China rather than from Spain and France.—Geography Department.

## Origin of Famous Hymn.

The origin of the celebrated hymn, "God Moves in a Mysterious Way, His Wonders to Perform," was a curious incident in the life of its author, William Cowper, the English poet. Cowper, a deeply religious man, was subject to attacks of the blackest melancholy. During one of these attacks he determined to end his life by throwing himself into the Thames river. He hired a cab to take him to the river, but a dense fog so confused the cabman that, after driving about for an hour, he admitted to his pas-

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CHENEY, WASHINGTON

sesger that he was lost. Cowper, alighting from the cab in order to give the driver more careful directions for reaching the bridge, found that his wandering had brought him back to his own door. Strongly affected by what seemed to him almost a divine interposition, Cowper dismissed the cab, hurried to his room and wrote his famous hymn.

## HOW TO TEACH REVERENCE

By Felix Adler.

One of the defects of American life, which is becoming more and more noticeable, is the lack of reverence evinced by children and young people. How can this fault be overcome?

One of the first points to remember is that the parent himself, or herself, must show reverence in order to teach it. No word of mouth, no precept is as forceful as example.

Let me illustrate. There is striking opportunity for teaching reverence in the home in the case of the grandparents. The parent must show respect for them. Then every chance should be taken to teach the children how to serve them, by saving them steps, by paying them little attentions. The child when taking a walk can bring home a flower for grandmother or shells from the seashore. He can see that grandfather has the newspaper in the morning. The child should learn to rise in their presence.

There is an old tale in the Norse legends, which ages ago gave an example in grim fashion. In a primitive hut a little boy is carving a rude bowl. His father asks him, "For what dost thou fashion the bowl?" He answers, "This is like the bowl thou hast set before grandad, who may not sit at the board with us, but is put in a corner and must eat his food all from the same dish. So I am carving this bowl for thee, father, to use when thou shalt be old and sit in the corner like grandad."

## Some Mistakes

Never, never again should you really call a lead pencil by this incorrect name. It is not lead at all, but graphite. Think of the years you have been laboring under this delusion. Something should have been done about it years ago.

As for whalebone! Maybe you don't use the word as much as your mother did, but if you do, you should stand corrected. It isn't a bone at all, but a substance called baleen, the strainer

at the mouth of a whale, wherein he catches all his deep sea food. Sometimes 800 of these "bones" or strips can be found in one whale.

It may be correct to call the black-bird black now, but it was not always thus. Once the bird was white, so the legend runs, but an awful cold winter came along and for three days it had to take refuge in a chimney, and so its coat turned black as soot.

When the new husband reached home from the office he found his wife in tears.

"Oh, John," she cried, "to celebrate peace I baked a lovely cake and put it on the back porch for the frosting to dry, and—and the dog ate it."

"Well, don't cry about it, sweetheart," he consoled, patting the pretty, flushed cheek: "I know a man who will give me a new dog."

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## MONROE HALL NOTES

A number of new girls have entered the hall this quarter. They are: Brita Helgeson, Gladys Bach, Avis Miss Quigley, Irene Hall, Miss Helea, Mrs. Hill. The new girls at the annex are: Enid and Edna Greby, Miss Hope. The old girls who have returned to the hall, after an absence of one quarter, are: Alice Muzzy and Charlotte Louthan.

Mr. Fertsch, the Normal basketball boys and the visiting team, were entertained at dinner at Monroe hall Friday evening.

## THE FEBRUARY GRADUATES

Sara Buchanan of the class of February, 1919 is teaching the third grade at Malden.

Mildred Christie, a graduate of the February class, is teaching in a rural school near Colfax.

Harriet McLennan, a member of the February graduating class, is now acting as critic teacher in the fourth grade of the training school.

Anna Thulan, who graduated from the Cheney Normal in February, 1919, is doing departmental work in Yakima, Wash.

Doris Korte, of the February class, is teaching in a rural school near Harrington, her home town.

Marie Whitford, also a member of the February class, has a position in a rural school near Palouse, Wash.

Ellen Rierson has a position in the Palouse schools.

Ethel Harris of the 1919 class is teaching near Troy, Idaho.

## DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

Mr. Buchanan has charge of the class in Dietetics during Miss Atkin's absence.

Mr. Tyler meets the third-year cooking and household management classes.

Note: This is not a part of the joke department.

DR. HARPER'S MEETINGS  
ENJOYED BY ALL

Cheney has had an unusual treat during the past week. Rev. Joel Harper of Spokane gave a most interesting address in assembly Thursday morning and preached at the Congregational church each evening and on Sunday.

Dr. Harper is one of the best preachers in the northwest, and his series of meetings have been enjoyed by a great many of the students. The Sunday night meeting was in charge of Normal students and was a delightful occasion. After this last meeting a reception was held in the church basement, at which time the Normal girls served refreshments and had a last chat with Dr. Harper before he left. Dr. Harper will always get a warm welcome from the student body should he find it possible to return to Cheney in the near future.

## Senior A's

Don't Put Off Having  
Your Picture Taken

TODAY IS THE DAY

## TURK'S STUDIO

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

From a little girl's essay on "Man."

"Men are what women marry. They drink, smoke and swear. They don't go to church like women do. Both men and women sprung from monkeys, but women sprang further—"

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## ASSEMBLY NOTES

Wednesday, women's assembly, Miss Johnston had charge of the period. We were very much interested in some of the nation-wide movements along the line of ethics that she told us about.

Thursday: Dr. Joel Harper gave an intensely interesting address, of which the keynote was how we might keep our country democratic. Dr. Harper compared our nation to Sargent's great picture "The prophets of Hope," because of the characteristic of the American people, never to look on the dark side. He said, "True statesmanship is to find God and go his way. Democracy has only two things to fear, 'Godlessness' and 'Ignorance.'" He also pointed out to us the vital part the school plays in making a perfect democracy, in teaching children the principles of democracy, as that which we hope to make real, must first appear in the school, since the school children of today will become the school children of tomorrow.

Friday: After the singing of "Holy, Holy, Holy," President Shonwalter read the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes. The Misses Lindelle, Greer and Winn sang "Victory is the Battle Cry," which was enjoyed by all. The remainder of the period was used for class meetings.

A colored man called on a chief of police recently after a notice had been left at his house to the effect that he had failed to obtain a license for his dog and that if such a license were not obtained within a week the dog would be taken up and the charges against the owner would, in consequence, be more.

"But it is this way—" began the colored man.

"I'm sorry, but I can't argue the matter with you," cut in the chief. "You know your license expired at the end of the year and you ought to have obtained another."

"But that's the trouble," shouted the colored man, "An' so did the dawg expire last year."

## when in need—

—of—

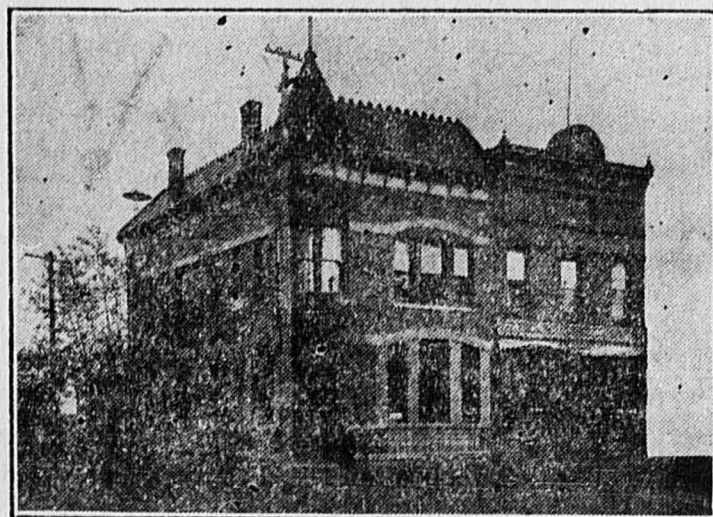
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## REACTION

Seoval: "Shall I bring candy?"  
Nellie: "I'd rather have chewing gum; it's more durable."

## His Preference

She (fond of cheap airs)—Now that you have looked over my music, what would you like to have me play?  
He—"Cards."

## Kept it Dark

Eva—"I suppose the brightest moment in your life was when Jim proposed?"

May—"Brightest? Why, there wasn't a particle of light in the room."

Mrs. Key: "Pearl, I wish you would not encourage Emery in his attentions; I fear he is too easy-going."

Pearl K.: "Oh, he isn't easy-going at all. Why, last night I yawned a dozen times before he took the hint and left."

Margaret Mayer, in applying for a school, was questioned by the school board as follows:

"And what is your position in regard to the whipping of children?"

Margaret: "Well, my position would be on a chair, with the child across my knee, face downward."

Mr. Cooper: "What is wind?"

George Buchanan: "Air in a hurry."

George Wallace: "What would you say if I threw you a kiss?"

Bernice Hughes: "I'd say you were the laziest boy I ever knew."

Vincent Moore: "Doctor, I'm feeling awful. I can't sleep, I can't eat."

Doctor: "I can't cure you—ask her to marry you."

Edna Grebe: "What's the difference between a kiss and a sewing machine?"

Ena Grebe: "One sews seams good. The other seems so good."

"Are your folks well-to-do?"

G. Buchanan: "No, they're hard to do."

Berdena K.: "Edison is a wonder, isn't he?"

Alice S.: "I don't think so. You can't turn his incandescent lights down."

Wifey: "Billy, dear, while you are having money troubles, I found out today why your rivals' credit has suddenly become so good."

Hubby: "Why?"

Wifey: "They said that his finances must be all right because his wife wears such beautiful new hats and dresses."

Rex Beach and a friend were discussing the eternal feminine. "Don't understand them at all," protested the famous author. "Don't now, and never did—and never will."

"Just for example, will you tell me why it is that if a man is two hours late getting home, his wife will raise a howling row, but if he is gone two years he'll get a royal welcome?"

A clergyman who was not disinclined toward taking an occasional glass, hired an Irishman to clean out his cellar. He brought out a number of empty whiskey bottles and as he lifted each one looked to see if there was anything in it.

The clergyman, who was walking on the lawn, noticed him and said, "They are all dead ones, Mike."

"They are," answered Mike. "But there is one good thing about it—they all had a minister with them when they passed away."

## WORRIES

What! I can hardly believe it! What pale and forlorn creature is sitting at my desk at this unearthly hour? Who is it there, so forlorn, tired-eyed and trembling? Dark shadows encircle the eyes; there are pathetic lines about the mouth; the eyes are bloodshot and expressionless. The hair is dishevelled, and look—it is an ugly gray! See the wrinkles on the clouded brow! Now the lips twitch and quiver. The trembling fingers nervously fumble with a blank sheet of paper. I hear a sigh. It sounds strangely familiar. Shall I speak? I'll move forward a step or two. I hesitate and stagger from fright. But sh! It moves, too, and it stops and staggers. How came such an aged and infirm person in my room? It's eyes are continually upon me. We stare blankly at each other. I thrust my hands to my head in horror, and that ghostly phantom does the same! I scream. Ah—the voice is my own again. I remember now. My unwritten theme! Oh! Truly I have become a wreck. Yes. My uncanny reflection in the mirror proves it.—Berdena Kuykendall.

## Not New at All.

Yes, sir; they had life preservers in ancient Rome, the cork kind, you know. Why, a fugitive from justice used one to carry him safely across the Tiber in the line of Camillus, and that's proof, isn't it?

As for jumping jacks! When young hopeful crows with glee as you dangle one just out of his reach, just remember that some Pharaoh papa did the very same thing centuries ago back on the banks of the Nile. The proof? Jumping jacks have been found in Egyptian tombs.

Then, again, these cartoonists you read about as pulling such enormous salaries, need not think they have fallen on a new profession. There were cartoonists back in the middle ages, only they were called "merry counselors," and were ranked only one step higher than the fools. They did not draw their witticisms, but commented and ridiculed the vices and manners of the day in declamation and imitation.

## Not Made of Dust

There is a certain long-suffering father whose nerves sometimes give way under the constant fire of questions from his takative eight-year-old son.

"Dad," asked the youngster, just as the old man had settled down one evening for a perusal of his newspaper: "Dad, am I made of dust?"

"I think not," responded the unhappy parent. "Otherwise you would dry up now and then."

## Rhine Whines

Apropos of the whines for mercy that keep coming out of Germany—Rhine whines, as they are called—Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia, said the other day:

"Germany reminds me of a woman who, entering her little boy in a new school, said to the teacher:

"Leadle Fritzzy he is deligate, und so, if he iss badt—and he vill be badt sometimes—joost lick der boy next to him und dat vill frighten him."



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## A Use for Golf

The crowd around the ticker was discussing the operations of a youthful speculator, who shall be nameless. Said one:

"I hear he was hit on the head with a golf ball two years ago and has been rather stupid ever since."

"Maybe so," said the floor manager, "but he has cleaned up a million or more in the same time."

"Gee!" said the first. Then after a pause, "Say, how do you go about learning to play golf?"

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